

# The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Jan. 6. to Saturday Jan. 13. 1704.

Occasion'd by the Trophies being carry'd thro' the City by the Guards.

**W**HAT Roman Gen'ral, fortunate in Fight,  
Did e'er bless Rome with such a Glorious Sight?

Fabricius, 'tis true, did Pyrrhus beat,  
And gave the Grecian Army a Defeat:  
Brought Trophies home, her stately Piles to grace,  
And with rich Spoils confirm'd his great Success.  
But still, the mighty Vict'ry he won,  
Fell short of what Great Marlborough now has done.  
'Tis true, Fabricius very bravely fought,  
And home to Rome immortal Honours brought:  
But tho' he gain'd a Vict'ry, yet we find,  
When he return'd, he Pyrrhus left behind.  
But Marlborough did Fabricius far out-doe,  
And to convince us, brings to common View,  
Not only Trophies home, but Tallard too.

In Obitum Dignissimi Doctissimique  
viri domini Rogeri L'Estrange, E-  
quitis Aurati.

**A**H flete Angligenæ, tristes jam flete Camænæ  
Sermo nam periit, Musa perita perit  
At quid Verba valent? Verborum fautor et Author  
Plorandus cunctis conditur in Tumulo  
Plorandam dixi! Musa post fata triumphans,  
Ut Phæbus densis clarior e tenebris.

English'd by a Gentleman thus:

Upon the Death of the most Wor-  
thy, and most Learned Man,  
Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knight.

**A**H! weep, now English Genius weep!  
Happy Camenæ's Eloquence,  
The Tongue that spoke such mighty Sense,  
Does now in Silence sleep.  
The skilful Muse (so Learn'd and Wise).  
Now perishes and dies.  
But how can Words his Merit shew,  
Who was their Fav'ror, and their Author too?  
Of all lamented, now he's gone,  
And laid up in this Marble Stone;  
Have I said, Mourn his loss of Breath?  
The Muses Triumph after Death.  
As Phæbus (that Illustrious God)  
Looks brighter from a sullen Cloud.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

**I**F you, fair Silvia, hope the Gods will hear,  
And kindly give Admission to your Pray'r;  
Then you, like them, must with Compassion move,  
And not be Cruel to an ardent Love:  
Which your bright Eyes did in my Breast inspire,  
And none but you can quench the am'rous Fire.

Upon the Divisions in Religion.

**J**EW, Turk, and Christian, differ but in Creed;  
In Ways of Wickedness, they're all agreed.  
None upwards clear the Road; they part and cavel,  
But all jog on unerring to the D---l.

A Song by an unfortunate Gentleman.

**I.**  
**C**ome, old Time, and use thy Sickle,  
Life's a Weight I cannot bear;  
Cares are constant, Fortune fickle;  
All our Joys but Trifles are.

**II.**  
Friends are Shadows that deceive us;  
In our Wants they disappear;  
The World's too base for Heaven to give us;  
Any real Blessings here.

Upon a Woman of the Town. By  
Mr. W----

**B**Efore Enjoyment, Lovers cry,  
Of Cupid's fiery Darts they die;  
Yet once possess'd, the Fair Complains,  
No Spark of all the Flame remains.  
The Swain that tries this lovely Dame } *peribulum est.*  
After Enjoyment, finds the Flame.

In Monoculos; or, the One-Ey'd Lovers.

**L**umine Achon caruit dextro Leonilla sinistro,  
Et Potuit forma vincere uterque Deos;  
Parve puer Lumen, quid habes Concede sorori:  
Sic tu Cecus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Thus English'd.

**A**Chon by chance his Right Eye lost,  
And Leonilla lost her Left;



Yet brighter Forms the Gods can't boast,  
Than what to these was Nature's Gift.  
Achon,  
Give her thy useleſs Eye, ſo ſhe ſhall prove  
A Venus, thou the young blind God of Love.

On the Standards taken at *Bleiubeim*;  
being carried to *Westminster-Hall*,  
and there Hung Up.

WE heard indeed of Glorious Actions done,  
Of City's Sackt, and bloody Battels won;  
Of Rivers running Red, like *Xanthus Flood*,  
While on its Banks a new *Achilles* ſtood:  
We heard indeed, and wiſhing it were ſo,  
Believ'd as far as Faith reform'd cou'd goe:  
But when we ſaw the Triumphs ſtream from far,  
The gilded Lillies waving in the Air,  
And Gallick Standards perfect Strangers here;  
Rapt with the Sight, and ſtruck with Wonder dumb;  
Convinc'd, we all good Catholick ſbecome.  
Thus when of Old, the Great *Amilcar's* Son,  
At *Cannæ* ſuch another Vict'ry won;  
The Golden Spoils, the Chief to *Carthage* ſent,  
Proclaim'd the Action, and confirm'd th' Event.

On a young Lady, who would have  
put her ſelf upon him for a Spright.  
By the ſame Author.

IN vain, my Fair, you ſtrive to cheat the Sight,  
That which was Born to pleaſe can never fright:  
The Devil, we read, can like an Angel ſeem,  
But never that a Saint cou'd look like him.  
You, tho' you ſtrive a thouſand ways to dot,  
No more can hide your Face, than he his Foot.  
Not but we feel the ſame Effects from you,  
As thoſe who very Apparitions view,  
We ſtart, grow pale, and ev'n, we tremble too;  
Till like the Sun, you break the thin Diſguiſe,  
And ev'n in Night, Day dances in your Eyes.  
Shou'd Sprights in ſuch alluring Forms appear,  
They'd make the Fleſh ſtand ſooner, than the Hair:  
Such Heav'nly Forms muſt ſtill protect from Evil,  
And eaſier raiſe, than repreſent the Devil.

A Bacchanalian Song. By Mr. P---ps.

I.  
Come, fill me a Glaſs, fill it high,  
A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have:  
He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch,  
Tho' I drink my ſelf into my Grave.

II.  
Here's a Health to all thoſe jolly Souls,  
Who like me will never give o're,  
Whom no Danger controuls, but will take of their Bowls,  
And merrily ſtickle for more.

III.  
Drown Reaſon and all ſuch weak Foes,  
I ſcorn to obey her Command;  
Cou'd ſhe ever ſuppoſe I'd be led by the Noſe,  
And let my Glaſs idly ſtand?

IV.  
Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,  
A Fee to the Joys of dear Drinking,  
Made uſe of by Tools, who'd ſet us new Rules,  
And brings us to politick thinking.

London, Printed: And Sold by B. Bragg, at the *Blue Ball* in *Avenary-Lane*. 1704.

V.  
Fill 'em all, I'll have ſix in my Hand,  
For I've triſt'd an Age away;  
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting Sand  
Rolls on and cannot ſtay.

VI.  
Come, my Lads, move the Glaſs, drink about,  
We'll drink the Universe dry;  
We'll ſet Foot to Foot, and drink it all out,  
If once we grow Sober, we Die.

To *Climene*. By J. H---n, Eſq;

I.  
YOU ask, I can't imagine why,  
What I wou'd do, if you were mine;  
Pray, Madam, condeſcend to try,  
You'll like, ne'er fear it, my Deſign.

II.  
You mean, I fancy, how I wou'd  
Your Pride, and vaſt Expence ſupport;  
And how your Self might be endow'd  
With Rents and Funds ſufficient for't.

III.  
Thus you inſult o're one, you're ſure, I  
Has little but his Love to boaſt?  
Yet Love, *Climene*, will endure,  
When other Riches may be loſt.

IV.  
Ev'n when your Youth and Charms decay,  
When theſe your greateſt Treasures waſt;  
Love, if you uſe it well, will ſtay,  
When all their painted Glory's paſt.

V.  
My little Store wou'd make me Bleſt  
With you, you ſtill examine how?  
Ah! did you Love, you'd gueſs the reſt,  
Till then, you muſt not, cannot know.

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